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M. E. Church South—Services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

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H. H. Cooper, Treasurer, Hartford.

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Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Chaptin.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Chaptin.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Chaptin.

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Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

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COURT OF CLAIMS.

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J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Canby District—No. 1.
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Canby District—No. 11.
Canby District—No. 11.
Canby District—No. 11.
Canby District—No. 11.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.
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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 28, 1877.

NO. 8.

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

The Gospel train is coming.
I hear it just at hand.
I hear the car-wheels moving
And rumbling through the land.
Cuo—Get on board, children,
Get on board, children,
Get on board, children,
For there's room for many more.

I hear the bell and whistle,
She's coming round the curve;
She's playing all her steam and power,
And straining every nerve.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.
O, see the Gospel engine,
She's heaving now in sight,
Her steam valves they are groaning,
The pressure is so great.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.

No signal for another train
To follow on the line,
O, sinners you're forever lost
If once you're left behind.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.
O, see the engine banner,
She's fluttering in the breeze,
She's spangled in the Savior's blood,
But still she roars with noise.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.

This is the Christian's banner,
The motto's new and old,
Salvation and repentance,
Are burnished there in gold.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.
She's nearing now the station,
O, sinners don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
And be ready for the train.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.

The fair is cheap, and all can go,
The rich and poor are there,
No second class on board the train,
No difference in the fare.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.
I think she'll make a little halt,
To "wood up" on the line,
And give on all a chance to go,
But yet she'll make her time.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.

She's coming round the mountain,
By the rivers and the lake,
The Savior he's on board the train,
Controlling steam and brake.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.
The train has never run off the track,
She's passed through every land,
Millions and millions are on board,
O, come and join the band.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.

There's Moses, Noah and Abraham,
And all the prophets too,
Our friends in Christ are all on board,
O, what a heavenly crew.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.
We soon shall reach the station,
O, how we then shall sing,
We'll make the whole world ring,
We'll make the whole world sing.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.

We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,
And sing forever more,
With Christ and all his army,
On that celestial shore.
Cuo—Get on board, children, &c.

RED WINE—A TRUE STORY.

It was growing dark in the city streets; men and women hurried along, as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull the heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they too knew that the day's work was over, and enjoyed the prospects of rest. The lamp-lighters were going their rounds and trying to make up for lost daylight. Little children were safe and warm at home.

All but one, perhaps. A little boy stood on the deserted sidewalk, close to a great window of plate glass, through which he gazed with rapt face. The picture which he looked at was a beautiful one. A great room with painted ceiling overhead, and a chandelier which seemed to make real sunshine. The walls were covered with fine paintings. A marble table, heaped with delicious food, stood near the center of the room. The bright light struck through the great drape, and made a fine crimson stain on the white hand of a gentleman who sat at the table reading a newspaper. A large diamond ring on one finger seemed to wink and blink at the little boy outside. "I wish he would look up," the child was thinking.

But though he waited and watched the man did not move for a long time. Then he flung the paper down, and reached out the hand with the diamond for a wine-glass which he filled and drank, never once looking toward the window.

"Please, sir," That was all the boy said. He had stepped from the street into the wide world; then stopping to knock, he had opened the wide door which led into the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at what he had done.

"What is it, my small man?" Mr. Arthur Leonard had a pleasant smile which came frankly to his handsome face; but the child shrank back although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he sought something there he had been looking for a great while.

"You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went readily into his pocket. "Oh, no, sir, I never thought of that. I wanted—I mean—please sir, I will go now."

He moved back awkwardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a gesture. The child's face interested him. His manner, too, at first so eager, now so embarrassed, had aroused his curiosity.

"You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered and that his garments were thin and poor.

He rose, took the boy by the hand and led him to the grate fire which was dancing on the hearth—a big jolly fire, which seemed trying to light up the room and make the chandelier notice how big and bright it was.

Mr. Leonard did not seem to think it queer or poor little boy with patched clothes to sit in one of the crimson satin arm chairs big enough for a throne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."
"Oh, no, sir," and the child shrank further back into the big chair.

"You will tell me your name, at least?"
"Yes, sir. My name is Eddie Boynton; and I am ten years old."

"Ah!" Mr. Leonard was smiling now, as he saw the boy's courage coming back. "You will not be angry with me, sir?"
"Angry? why in the world should I be angry with you?"

"I didn't know but you might, sir, if I said what I wanted to."
"Never fear, Eddie; I am anxious to know what you have to tell me."
The little boy stretched out his small thin hand, red with cold, toward the glowing fire, and said:

"I work in the dye-house now, and get a good deal of money—a dollar a week." Mr. Leonard could hardly help laughing. The wine he offered the child cost more than that.

"I come past this big window every night on my way home. I don't come again, though, because we are going to move away. I like to look in here, because it is so warm and pleasant, and because you are sitting here and have eyes just like my father's."

"What a strange child!" Mr. Leonard was thinking.
"He was so thin and tall," went on the little fellow, looking back into the firelight. "He wore nice clothes, too, like yours; and we lived in a great big house, most as big as this. I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me to drink," pointing to the wine-glass.

"Mother would cry sometimes; but he would kiss her, and tell her that good wine would make me strong and handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the while he was gone. When he came back he struck her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed, because I thought he was dead. The black man who drove the horses, came upstairs and helped mother to get him to bed. She said he was sick. He used to scream and fight if any one went near him. It was the red wine that made him so mother said."

And then one night he died, and there was a great funeral. After that mother packed up our clothes, and went to live where she could get some money. We've got only two rooms now. Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I guess."

He had been talking very fast, but stopped suddenly.
Mr. Leonard moved uneasily. "This was what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. Every time I come by the window and see you sitting here, you make me think of my father, and I wonder if you had any little boy at home, and how he and his mother would feel if you should die because of the red wine; and then the tears came, and Eddie Boynton slid down from the big chair and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turned his face away. Eddie wondered if the gentleman was crying, too. He could not see the big, brown eyes, for his head was drooping upon his breast.

"I'm going home, now, sir. Mother will have my supper all ready and be frightened if I don't come," and before Mr. Leonard roared from his painful reverie, the child had slipped from the warm, cherry room, and was running down the dark street, home to his waiting mother.

In all the years to come, Arthur Leonard and Eddie Boynton, man and boy, may never meet again. The room in the luxurious club-house is deserted; the fire is out, the room is dark, the heavy curtain drawn at the big window; but in a beautiful home the brown eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, and to the rosy boy who hangs about his neck the father whispers: "God bless you, my child, and keep us from the destruction of the red wine."

A maiden lady said to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed, "Well, aunty you must have sat up a great deal when you were young."

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of Louis Castleman, aged fifteen years. He is the son of Mr. L. B. Castleman, of Lexington, Ky., with whom communication can be had. It is requested that the papers throughout the State make inquiries of their subscribers.

The Case Prejudged.

[St. Louis Republican.]

It is a grave impeachment of the personal integrity of the light Republican members of the Electoral Commission to say that every one of them took his seat on the bench with his mind made up beforehand to decide the presidential dispute in favor of Hayes and Wheeler without any regard whatever to the merits. Nothing worse of them could be said. It implies that least pardonable of all official crimes—judicial injustice; it implies untruthfulness, duplicity, hypocrisy and wilful disregard of an oath. A charge meaning all these things ought not to be made against eight distinguished persons, lightly nor rashly, nor without ample warrant. Let us do these eight distinguished persons no injustice; let us do them full justice, and that we may do them full justice, let us judge them by their own words and acts. They have made their own record—an imperishable record. Let us dismiss everything else for the present and see if that furnishes any proof of the accusation brought against them.

The first case decided by the Commission was that of Florida, and in deciding it in favor of Hayes and Wheeler the Commission gave the reason for so doing: "That it is not competent, under the Constitution and the law as it existed at the date of the passage of said act, to go into evidence on the papers opened by the president of the Senate in the presence of the two houses to prove that other persons than those regularly certified to by the governor of the State of Florida, in and according to the determination of the board of State canvassers of said State prior to the time required for the performance of their duties, had been appointed electors."

The words we have marked in italics are a most extraordinary part of the reason given. Why were they said? Why did not the Commissioners stop at the word "Florida," and thus say it was not competent for them to go behind the official certificate of the governor of the State? The governor certified that the four Hayes electors were chosen, and this was all the necessity required in that case. Why were the commissioners not content with it? Why did they go behind the Florida case to decide the Oregon case? Had they simply declared that they had no right to go behind the certificate of the governor, this would have been an admission of an exclusive decision of that part of the contest. But they were careful not to limit themselves in this way. They took great pains to declare that it was not competent to go behind the certificate of the governor, issued "according to the determination and declaration of the board of State canvassers." These words were added to reach the Oregon case. It is impossible to resist this conclusion. If they were not added to reach the Oregon case, they have no business in the statement; they are superfluous and destructive of that severe symmetry which governs judicial orders and decisions. Courts are very careful not to decide cases not before them; they are very careful to say no more than the question imperatively demands. But this rule was deliberately violated by the Commission in the Florida case. They saw the Oregon question beyond it. In Oregon the governor's certificate gave one electoral vote to Tilden and elected him. If, therefore, the Commission had merely said in the Florida case that it would not go behind the governor's certificate one of the Oregon votes would have been lost to Hayes and he would have been defeated. The commissioners had no right to force this; they had no right to consider a case not yet before them. But they did force it; they did consider a case not yet before them—and they framed the Florida decision so as to get Oregon. The election of Hayes absolutely required that the governor's certificate should be got out of the way—required that the commissioners should go behind the governor's certificate in that case; and therefore they declared in the first decision made, that they would not go behind the governor's certificate except to see that it was issued "according to the determination and declaration of the board of State canvassers." The only State canvasser in Oregon is the secretary of State, and his statement shows that Watts, the alleged ineligible Republican elector, had a higher number of votes than Cronin, the Democratic candidate certified to have been elected by the governor. The eight commissioners deliberately framed their Florida decision, therefore, to cover the totally diverse case of Oregon, and thus to secure the disputed votes of both States for Hayes. The accusation brought against them is true. They did prejudice all the points in the controversy; they did take their seats with their minds already made up to decide in favor of Hayes—and their own ineffaceable record proves it.

The chap had legs like a pair of slate pencils. Small boy yelled to another small boy: "Say, Billy, that fellow's got a heap of courage to risk himself out on such legs as them this winter." "Why?" "Might freeze, take off, stick in his body, and bleed him to death."

Rosine Notes.

ROSBIE, Feb. 17, 1877.

Editor Herald: We are blessed with a few soft sunny days which is so likely to allure us into the hope of an early spring.

The farmers in this end of the county, are making preparation, getting ready for the planting season which will soon be upon them, and one would suppose from the way some of them talk and from the amount of tobacco seed which have been sown; that a very large crop of the weed was contemplated being pitched but it should be remembered that a great many farmers raise their largest crop in the winter season while sitting around their large wood fires.

Business here of all kinds is rather dull, though I suppose as lively here as at other points, and notwithstanding the whole country is locked in the embrace of hard times, our business men are managing to make a livelihood.

Since the abatement of the excessive cold weather, the Rosine Mill Company have resumed work, and it is hoped that ere many months shall have passed away, the mill will be in operation.

A short time since a Mr. More, of Butler county, and Miss Cornelia London living near this place, concluded to stand together before the hymeneal altar, but when the old folks had been consulted about the matter, the young couple thought that Tennessee would be a suitable place to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. So they a few days since, left for Tennessee, and have not returned yet, but I suppose they have before now, become as one flesh. May their future lives be one of sunshine, and their paths be strewn with flowers.

M. S. Ragland, who was stabbed some time since, is fast recovering and is considered by his physician out of danger.

The tobacco crop in this part of the county is unsold. There seems to be no buyers, and the farmers will probably be under the necessity of pricing and shipping their own tobacco.

Since the passing of the Electoral Tribunal Bill, the Democrats here felt very sanguine. They felt that Tilden would not, could not be counted out, they supposed that men occupying positions that should place them above party interests would decide all disputed matters honestly and justly. In this, they were most egregiously mistaken, for it is now apparent to the most superficial observer, that they too, are a set of scoundrels that will fraudulently place a man in the White House, who they know was honestly beaten, and the people of the United States had as well make up their minds to have their country controlled for four years longer by a set of thieves and scoundrels.

A Lion's Victory.

The fact that Detroiters are long suffering and kind hearted was again exemplified yesterday. One of the dozen passengers on a Woodward car suddenly remarked that it was a awful snow storm, and that he never saw so much snow on the ground before.

"Pooh!" exclaimed a little whiffet of a man in the corner; "this is no storm at all! Why, in Omaha I have seen forty-seven feet of snow on the ground at once!" "Buried the town, didn't it?" queried the man opposite.

"Of course it buried the town, but that was all right. We dug out of the snow and let the cars, as a sort of sky, and in three days we had summer weather down there. Roses bloomed, peach trees blossomed, and the boys went in swimming the same as in July! I don't talk to me about such storms as this!"

"What became of the crust?" gasped a man at the front end of the car. "It's hanging up there yet!" replied the noble lion, "and the man who doubts my word wants to step off the car for half a minute!"

There that whole dozen men sat as mute as clams, not daring to even wink at each other, or enter a protest, while the little man branched off anew and began telling that he had seen hail-stones weighing six pounds each.

A Chapter on Manners.

It is a sign of bad manners to look over the shoulders of a person who is writing, to see what is written.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house without taking off your hat.

It is bad manners to use profane language.

It is bad manners to use your own knife on the butter dish.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes.

It is bad manners to talk in company when others are talking, or to talk or whisper in church.

It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or on the street.

It is bad manners to say "yes" or "no" to a stranger, or to aged people; let it be "yes sir" or "no sir."

It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table, and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company.

It is bad manners to comb your hair and brush your coat in the eating room.

It is a sign of low breeding to make a display of your finery or equipage.

An Interesting Letter.

OFFICE OF KENTUCKY STATE PAMPHLET, 118 MAIN ST., LOUISVILLE, Feb. 6, 77.

Sam K. Cox, Esq., Clerk of Ohio County: DEAR SIR—I am gratified to be able to state that the reports of the resources of the various counties of Kentucky, requested through the Clerks of the counties of the State, some months since, for publication in pamphlet form, for distribution in this country and Europe, and already received, justify the publication of the work at once, and it will accordingly be placed in the hands of the publisher, as soon as the orders from counties are received. Owing to the reports being much fuller than expected, and the further fact that space for special notices for various State Institutions, Colleges, Seminaries and benevolent Orders, Railroad and Rivers, is essential, the "Pamphlet" will contain fully one hundred pages, exclusive of maps and engravings. It has been thought best to include a map of the State, in colors, defining carefully rivers and county towns. This makes the "Pamphlet" cost about twenty-five cents, and this price is pronounced, by competent judges, exceedingly low compared with that of similar works issued by other states. In our circular of Sept. 15, 1876, we estimated the cost at about eight cents, with only a few pages added, on the basis of selling one hundred thousand copies and getting the State to donate the maps; but having to purchase the maps, and adding fully one-half more to the size of the book explains the price now asked. It is proper to say that the additional information will far more than compensate for the increased cost. The colored map alone retails for the price of the entire "Pamphlet."

Nearly every county has a speciality in Iron, Coal, Timber, Fruits, Blue Grass, Fine Stock, Hemp, Tobacco, Oil and Salt Wells, &c. The "Pamphlets" sent each county, after being read, can be mailed to parties at a distance, and, when desirable, inclose circulars giving additional information. I inclose blank order, which please fill out for as many copies as your County, County Court, or citizens, may desire, payable only on receipt of the books. A few counties, have already sent voluntary orders, unsolicited, and it is hoped that this request will meet with a prompt and ready reply, and thereby secure a speedy circulation of the work.

The maps locate the Ky. Central and Cincinnati Southern R. R.'s not in the first edition.

Let your order specify the number of English or German copies desired.

Yours Respectfully, A. HOGELAND, Sec. Committee.

Letter From Rosine.

ROSBIE, Feb. 19, 1877.

Rosine is wide-awake and still rapidly improving, and is destined to make the foremost town in Ohio county.

A great many refuse to take a paper because the times are too hard. Let us see about this. What makes one man more successful than another as a general rule, is, that he thinks better. If a man reads about his own business, he is thus getting the benefit of other men's thinking, other men's experience, other men's failures and other men's successes. Although he may not follow a single method described by another, yet, the very act of thinking about it, starts a new train of thoughts in his own mind, and though he does not see it or notice it, yet every thought he gets from another is developing his own thinking and making him a better planner and calculator and he will in the end get more and better results from his own work. It pays to read and think about ones business whatever it be. A very little saving, as a stick of candy once in two days or the poorest three cent cigar omitted once a week, a very small plot of ground cultivated in an odd hour will yield corn or potatoes enough to furnish a dollar or two for a paper.

Mr. Thomas Moore, of Butler county, came to Mt. Pleasant church on last Sunday and stole one of our many beautiful maidens, Miss Cornelia London, and took her to Tennessee, where they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. May peace, love and prosperity attend them through life.

Respectfully, L. T. Cox.

"It Might Have Been."

Sometimes, what a dreamy, far-away picture of the beautiful Had been it calls up in your memory, when you have loved a fair young girl with all the fervor and passionate ardor of a manly nature, when your very soul has caught the inspiration of her presence, and her face has been for you the realization of all that was tender and fair and pure, and when the loss of this prize has swept over your heart like a volcano of agony, and left it dry and bitter and hard, ten years after, to look over an alley fence when hunting for your runaway boy, and see her in the back yard of a corner grocery, with a dragged calico dress pinned up over a red flannel petticoat, a man's hat perched on her head and stretching a flapping shirt over a line, while she holds two clothes-pins between her teeth.